

**J. Riddlebarger & Co.,**  
RESPECTFULLY call the attention of their  
old friends, and purchasers of goods gen-  
erally, to their very extensive stock of Season-  
able goods, comprising in part—  
Cloths, Cassimeres and Kentucky Jeans,  
French and Fancy striped Summer Cassimeres,  
Striped, checked, and plain Linens,  
A great variety of Summer stuffs, for boys  
and youths',  
Satin, Silk and Mersailes Vesting,  
Silk and Cotton Cravats,  
Stocks, Gloves and Silk pocket hdkfs.,  
A very large stock of Hats, Boots and Shoes,  
400 ps. of English and American Calicoes,  
Scotch Gingham and Lawns,  
Organda and painted muslins,  
Moirai Lustrs. for Ladies dresses,  
Tartan plaids and Embroidered Barages,  
Bazarine Robes and plaid Gingham,  
Extra real Alpacas, black and cold,  
Mull, Swiss and Book Muslin,  
Jaconet, Cambric and Bishop Lawns,  
Black Italian Silk,  
Blue and black satin striped silk,  
Fig'd and Fancy cold do. do.  
Linen and Silk Pocket hdkfs.,  
French needle worked collars,  
Ladies' Cravats and Ties,  
White, black and Pink crape,  
Rich black Silk Shawls,  
" cold do. do.  
Embroidered Mous De Lane Shawls,  
Plain black do. do.  
Rich heavy fringed black Silk Shawls,  
" cold do. do.  
Black Cassimeres do.  
Thread and Lisle Laces and Edgings,  
Silk Gloves and Mitts, long and short,  
Black and cold Kid Gloves,  
Rich Bonnet and Cap Ribbons,  
The latest style of Bonnets and Flowers,  
Silk, Cotton and Cashmere hose,  
Swiss edgings and Laces,  
Grass and Mersailes Skirts,  
Rich satin striped Barage Scarfs,  
Table and towel cloths,  
Bleached and brown domestic,  
Bleached and brown drillings,  
Osnaburg, Bed Ticking and Cotton Yarns.  
**HARDWARE AND CUTLERY.**  
Collins' and Hunt's axes,  
Drawing Knives and hatchets,  
Trace chains, hames and horse collars,  
Blind bridles, back bands and Saddlery,  
Knives and forks, Spoons, Butcher and Shoe  
Knives, and a variety of other articles in that line.  
**GROCERIES.**  
Sugar, Coffee, Tea, Molasses and Salt,  
Allspice, Pepper, Ginger, Nutmegs,  
Rice, Salsaparilla, Camphor and Cloves, together  
with a general assortment of Queens, China and  
Glassware.  
We also have on hand a general assortment of  
Iron, Steel, Nails and Castings, all of which will  
be sold at the lowest possible prices to our cus-  
tomers, or exchanged for the following kinds of  
produce: Hemp, Wheat, Bacon, Linen, Flaxseed,  
Beeswax, Feathers, &c.  
April 17th, 1847.

**LATEST YET.**  
**SWITZLER & SMITH,**  
HAVING just received their Spring supply  
of Goods, respectfully invite the attention  
of the public to an ample supply of very desirable  
Goods, including  
**FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC DRY GOODS.**  
**HARDWARE, CHINA & GLASSWARE,**  
**BOOTS AND SHOES,**  
**HATS AND BONNETS,**  
**CASTINGS,**  
**GROCERIES AND DYE STUFFS,**  
**CHINA, GLASS AND QUEENWARE,**  
**WHITE LEAD AND LINSEED OIL,**  
**DRUGS, &c., &c.**  
Forming on the whole a very full and general  
supply, the whole of which are for sale at as low  
prices as by any house in the county, for cash  
or on our usual terms to punctual customers.  
**SWITZLER & SMITH.**  
Fayette, April 24th, 1847.

**Fresh Groceries.**  
WE are now receiving, and offer for sale,  
30 hhds. prime N. O. Sugar,  
60 Sacks " coffee,  
40 boxes M. R. raisins,  
1 tierce Rice,  
40 Kegs Junia nails,  
10 Tons assorted iron,  
3000 lbs. spun cotton,  
20 barrels sugar house molasses,  
4 " golden syrup,  
3000 lbs. No. 1 Leaf Sugar,  
5 barrels Linseed oil,  
100 kegs white Lead,  
5 barrels pure Tanner's oil,  
3 " Lamp-black,  
400 sacks coarse salt,  
100 " fine " "  
150 bbls. Kanawa "  
Together with a full stock of castings, Glassware,  
Window Glass, Brooms, Hams, Black-smith's  
Belows, Salsaparilla, Elyptic Springs, &c.  
**HUGHES, BIRCH & WARD.**  
Fayette, May 1st, 1847.

**Family Groceries.**  
Loaf and brown Sugars,  
Crushed " "  
Coffee, Spices, Chocolate, Mustard  
Ground Pepper, Vinegar,  
N. O. and Sugar house Molasses,  
Mackerel, Vinegar, Tar,  
Dye Stuffs, (of all kinds)  
Very fine fresh Teas,  
Star and Tallow Candles, &c., &c., for sale  
by  
**SWITZLER & SMITH.**  
Fayette, April 24th, 1847.

**CRANOMETER.**—Heads of all shapes and  
sizes fitted with beautiful hats, by  
S. NOURSE, No. 68 Main Street.  
St. Louis, June 24th, 1847.  
**PERFUMERY.**—I have received a large supply  
of Perfumery, consisting of Cologne Water,  
Cosmetics, Fancy Soaps, Oils, &c., which will be  
sold very low.  
WM. R. SNEELSON.  
Fayette, March 27th, 1847.

# BOON'S LICK TIMES.

"ERROR CEASES TO BE DANGEROUS, WHEN REASON IS LEFT FREE TO COMBAT IT."—JEFFERSON.

Vol. 8.

FAYETTE, MISSOURI, SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1847.

No. 25.

## THE SPRING OF LIFE IS PAST.

The spring of life is past,  
With its budding hopes and fears,  
And the autumn time is coming  
With its weight of weary years—  
Our joyousness is fading,  
Our hearts are dimmed with care,  
And youth's fresh dreams of gladness  
All perish darkly there.

While bliss was blooming near us  
In the heart's first burst of Spring,  
While many hopes could cheer us,  
Life seemed a glorious thing!  
Like the foam upon a river  
When the breeze goes rippling o'er  
These hopes have fled forever  
To come to us no more.

'Tis sad—yet sweet—to listen  
To the soft wind's gentle swell,  
And think we hear the music  
Our childhood knew so well;  
To gaze out on the even,  
And the boundless fields of air,  
And feel again our boyhood's wish  
To roam, like angels, there!

There are many dreams of gladness,  
That cling around the past—  
And from that tomb of feeling  
Old thoughts come thronging fast—  
The forms we loved so dearly  
In the happy days now gone,  
The beautiful and lovely,  
So fair to look upon.

Those bright and gentle maidens  
Who seemed so formed for bliss,  
Too glorious and too heavenly  
For such a world as this;  
Whose soft dark eyes seemed swimming  
In a sea of liquid light,  
And whose locks of gold were streaming  
O'er brows so sunny bright:

Whose smiles were like the sunshine  
In the spring time of the year—  
Like the changeful gleams of April  
They followed every tear!  
They have passed—like hope—away—  
All their loveliness has fled—  
Oh—many a heart is mourning  
That they are with the dead.

Like the brightest buds of summer  
They have fallen from the stem—  
Yet oh—it is a lovely death  
To fade from earth like them!  
And yet—the thought is saddening  
To muse on such as they—  
And feel that all the beautiful  
Are passing fast away!

That the fair ones whom we love,  
Like the tendrils of a vine,  
Grow closely to each loving heart,  
Then perish on their shrine!  
And can we but think of these  
In the soft and gentle spring,  
When the trees are waving o'er us  
And the flowers are blossoming!

For we know that winter's coming  
With his cold and stormy sky—  
And the glorious beauty around us  
Is budding but to die.

## Love's Desperation.

### A ROMANCE OF REALITY.

Beautiful, peerlessly beautiful is the lady  
Manuelita, the only daughter of Rosas, the  
famous and powerful President of the Ar-  
gentine Republic; powerful in the strength  
of his mind, and in the iron resolution of  
his character, which has enabled him to  
control and sway a people whom none  
save him can keep in order, and to defy the  
united attempts of England and France to  
break up his commerce and bend him to  
their terms.

We say that the lady Manuelita is beau-  
tiful, but her talents, graces and accom-  
plishments, alone sustain and render her beau-  
ties perfect and harmonious.  
It almost seems a subject of surprise  
that this fair lady, so attractive in manners,  
and so elevated in her position, should have  
arrived at the age of twenty-five years,  
without a thought of approaching the hy-  
menaeal altar, yet so it hath been: not, how-  
ever, from lack of solicitation and oppor-  
tunity; for many a noble and brave cavalier  
has knelt and sued for the love and hand  
which might bless a king, but because:

First—of all her suitors, not one, when  
weighed in the careful balance of her dis-  
criminating judgement, but lacked some of  
those qualities of head and heart which  
alone could win and fix her pure and lofty  
affections.  
Second—Had any cavalier presented  
himself, possessed of all the qualities which  
would gain her love, she could not leave  
her father's side, for as necessary as dew is  
to the flower, as light in darkness is to the  
man, was she to him. She has ever acted  
as his adviser and confidant; she alone can  
guide and sway his stern will, she alone  
can soften his heart when it is frozen in  
its stern resolves. He could not live without  
her. She receives his company, writes his  
private and important documents, keeps  
watch and ward over his interests and  
safety, and becomes even as it were a sec-  
ond self unto him. But to our story.

A short distance up the river above Bu-  
enos Ayres, General Rosas has a beautiful  
country seat, where often in the warm sum-  
mer time he and his daughter retire to en-

joy the fragrant perfume which arrives with  
the evening breeze from the groves of  
peach, lemon and orange, which cover it.—  
A few years ago, during a heavy gale, a  
ship was driven high and dry by the winds  
and swollen waters into the very midst of  
this favorite plantation of the President's,  
and when the gale abated she was left in a  
position from which it was found impossi-  
ble to remove her.

To please his daughter, Gen. Rosas  
bought this vessel, and refitted her beau-  
tifully, to serve the Lady Manuelita as a  
summer house, and a unique and beautiful  
one did it make; imbedded not in the azure  
waves of the ocean, but in a perfect sea  
of flowers and fruits. In the elegant cabin  
of this vessel occurred the first scene of  
this brief but true story.

It was on a lovely afternoon in summer;  
the Lady Manuelita sat by the stern win-  
dow of the vessel, enjoying the sweet  
breathing zephyrs as they came to her from  
their homes amid the fragrant flowers.—  
She was alone, and as she sat and gazed out  
upon the waving trees and bright-winged  
birds which flew from branch to branch,  
she sighed as if she felt she had not been  
formed for loneliness.

At the same moment the door towards  
which her back was turned was cautiously  
opened. She heard it not. Then, between  
the rich velvet hangings which hung in  
crimson folds before it, quietly stepped a  
noble looking cavalier; and as he slowly  
advanced towards her, there could be read  
in his face the written poetry of love, eye,  
even to a passionate idolatry of her who  
was before him. He was young, not more  
than twenty-five, his features regular as  
Apollo could have desired, his eyes dark and  
bright as a gazelle's, his lofty brow and  
neck as white as alabaster, was wreathed  
by dark and curling masses of jet and  
glossy hair; a glossy moustache and beard  
as soft and curling as the hair which crept  
down upon his broad shoulders, contrasted  
with the rich, rosy hue of health worn  
upon his expressive and pleasing face. His  
tall, manly form was dressed in a rich uni-  
form, which betokened that he had a com-  
mission in her father's cavalry.

Slowly and cautiously the young officer  
approached the lady, still unseen and un-  
heard by her.  
Again she sighed. He knelt by her side,  
and gazed upon the snow-white hand,  
which, with its taper fingers covered with  
jewels, hung down against the arm of the  
ottoman upon which she reclined. Again  
she sighed. The cavalier bent down his  
noble head, and the lady started to her feet  
as she felt a warm kiss impressed upon her  
hand.

Not terror stricken did she scream or  
turn to fly, as other maidens would have  
done, but with flashing eye, reddened  
cheek, and frowning brow, as she drew up  
her stately form in queenly dignity, she  
proudly exclaimed:

"Who dares intrude"—but ere she finish-  
ed the exclamation, she saw the sad but re-  
spectful gaze of the youth, who still knelt  
at her feet, and her anger seemed to van-  
ish and her tone softened, as she continued:  
"Ah! is it you, Don Edvardo! I might  
have known none other would have dared  
the liberty which you have taken."  
"Pardon, lady, I could not help gazing  
upon the hand which I so long have covet-  
ed, and refrain from telling it how much I  
loved its mistress."

"Rise, Edvardo!" said the lady, sadly; "I  
wish you would never speak of love to me  
again, at least while—while—"

The lady blushed confusedly, and paused.  
The youth observing it, eagerly and pas-  
sionately exclaimed:

"While!—Oh, what mean you by that  
word? even it gives light to the hope which  
keeps my heart alive. Oh, lady, for the love  
of holy heaven, tell me, have I cause to  
hope? Am I more to you than the many  
others who kneel in homage to your charms?"

"Were you not, do you think I would  
permit him to live who has dared the fami-  
liarity for which you but now crave  
humbly my pardon?"

"Oh, lady, then am I blessed indeed! Oh!  
when may I call you mine?"

"When I am free from my present en-  
gagements."

"Free! present engagements! Lady, it is  
cruel to trifle with a bursting heart!"

"I do not trifle, Edvardo, I am willing to  
acknowledge that I love you, but it may be  
long before we can unite. I have a duty,  
a sacred, imperative duty, to perform,  
which love nor pleasure nor aught on  
earth can induce me to forego. If you  
love me, your love will not fade, like yon  
summer flowers, with age. My father can-  
not alone bear the cares, fatigues, and vexa-  
tions of his office. He cannot spare me,  
and I cannot marry while he is in office—  
indeed, he never will consent to part with  
me, so necessary have I now become to him."

Lady, cruel, cruel, would be the delay!  
Know you not that while he lives the peo-  
ple will have no other President? He  
alone can please and govern them; they  
will have no other—oh, for the love you  
have but now confessed, decide not so, else  
years and years will roll away, and we  
will still be as now! His death alone!"

"Oh! speak not of that, Edvardo," said  
she, as the large dew-drops of the soul rose  
in her lustrous eyes; "I love my father."

"Lady, I must obey, and await my time,"  
said the youth, and as he spoke a wild,  
strange light beamed from his eyes, even as  
if some desperate conceit had entered his  
mind. She did not observe it, but rising,  
said:

"You may now escort me back to the  
city, Edvardo. The evening dew has  
soon begun to fall, and I must dress for the

tertulia which I give to-night—you will be  
there!"  
"I will angel mia!" responded the caval-  
ier as he led her forth.

It was the still hour of midnight, and  
Gen. Rosas was in his private chamber,  
seated beside a table filled with papers and  
documents, now reading and signing one,  
then another. Yes, while his people were  
enjoying the quiet rest which nature de-  
mands, he, the greatest among them, was  
toiling for their benefit, laboring both in  
mind and body for their good.

His daughter was beside him, busily en-  
gaged in copying a private letter for her  
father, but started, as a gentle tap at the  
door announced a visitor.

"Who is there?" said the stern General,  
as he laid his hand upon a richly mounted  
weapon which lay near him.

"The sentinel!" was the answer in a low  
respectful tone.

"What is wanted?"

"I bear a present for your excellency,  
which has just been left, with strict orders  
to be delivered to your excellency alone."

"Enter! this, methinks, is a strange hour  
for a present. From whom doth it come?"

"I know not, your Excellency," said the  
soldier as he laid a neat, square box of  
rosewood upon the table, and placing the  
key on the card which was fastened on its  
top, departed.

"Open it, daughter, I have not time," said  
the General, as he again turned his eyes to  
a military report which he was reading.

"Oh, I know who it is from! It is in his  
handwriting!" exclaimed she, as she glanced  
at the card upon its top. "Oh, what pres-  
ent could he have destined for the father  
of her whom he loves?"

"He, whom, daughter?"

"Father, the superscription on this card  
is in the well known hand writing of the  
brave cavalier, Don Edvardo Escudero, and  
he has in this delicate way sent you some-  
thing present, I'll warrant me!"

"Well, well, open the box, my child, and  
satisfy your curiosity."

The lady took the key and turned it in  
the lock, but as she raised the lid the report  
of a volley of pistols almost deafened her,  
and with one wild scream she reeled, and  
fainting, fell to the floor, amid a cloud of  
smoke from the now open box.

In an instant the President sprang to her  
side.

"Oh, God! my daughter is slain!" said he  
in agony—but his heart was cheered again  
as she spoke.

"No—no, not slain, my father, but he—  
he would have slain you to win me!" and  
again she fainted. By this time the room  
was filled with soldiers and officers, drawn  
thither by the report of arms, and a hasty  
examination of the infernal machine, for  
such it was, explained the plot against the  
General's life; a row of loaded pistols had  
been so placed along the box that any one  
standing in front of it to open it, would re-  
ceive the contents in his body. It had been  
sent to Rosas, at this late hour, in expecta-  
tion that he would open it himself.

Narrow had been the escape of the  
daughter. She had stood beside, instead of  
in front of the box when she opened it,  
but the fair hand which her lover had kiss-  
ed but so shortly before, was now stained  
in several places with blood where the balls  
had grazed it, her arms and laced sleeves  
were blackened with the smoke, but worse  
than all was the wound her pure heart had  
received, in the discovery of this horrid  
attempt upon her father's life, by one  
whom she loved and trusted, and who  
would have made her an orphan to hasten  
her marriage. But she had named him to  
her father, and within one hour after the  
discovery of the plot, Edvardo Escudero  
was arraigned before a drum head court  
martial. Her danger, confession, and the  
discovery of his hand-writing, had so  
thrown him off his guard, that when inter-  
rogated he made no denial. Brief was  
the trial. He was sentenced to be shot on  
the Retiro, or military Plaza, at sun-rise.

With haughty composure he heard his sen-  
tence, for he yet dreamed she—she who  
was all powerful with her father, loved,  
and would intercede for, and save him.

But he knew not her high, stern sense  
of duty, if he thought that love and pity  
would have pardoned him who would have  
murdered her father. In vain he sent to  
seek an interview with her. Her answer  
to his message was brief, but she would  
deign no other.

"Tell him to ask God's mercy—there is  
none for him on earth! No, not were he  
my brother."

And when at the morning's first light,  
the weeping mother and sister of the condemn-  
ed knelt at her feet and prayed for one  
word of intercession, (for they knew that  
even yet she could save the son and brother,  
if she would but ask his life of her father,  
when in the agony of their souls they  
spoke of his youth—beauty—and bravery  
—all now about to be buried in the tomb  
of disgrace, with a cold, stern look, as if  
her innermost veins were frozen, she an-  
swered:—

"He would have made me fatherless!"

And while in that energy of despair that  
would not listen to a refusal, they yet knelt  
in their tears and supplications, the first  
ray of the morning's sun cast its soft light  
upon her pale cheek, a quick, rattling vol-  
ley of musketry was heard in the direction  
of the Retiro. As its sound struck her ear  
she gasped, her tall and graceful form quiv-  
ered like an aspen leaf amid the gale, she  
staggered toward the window, and as she  
saw the white wreaths of smoke rise light-  
ly toward the sky, over the spot where  
now lay the corpse, she murmured:

"God have mercy on his soul!" and faint-  
ed.  
Duty had triumphed over love and mer-  
cy, but terrible had been the struggle.

## THE FEMALE SCOUT.

### A REVOLUTIONARY INCIDENT.

The devoted patriotism and indomitable  
courage exhibited by the American women  
during the struggle for Independence has  
been the eloquent theme of many an able  
writer, and the subject of many a gifted  
pen. Numberless were the instances which  
these noble women, unawed by terrible  
threats and cowardly insult, proved how  
unmeasurably superior they were in mental  
and moral courage, to their base and heart-  
less oppressors.

Actuated by a sincere and unbounded  
love for their country, and their country's  
welfare, they suffered privation and hard-  
ships without a murmur, and bore up un-  
der trials the most severe, without com-  
plaint. To their determined courage, and  
unceasing efforts, Freedom owes much.  
Their fervent prayers, and, when neces-  
sary, their individual example, had an un-  
bounded influence with the spirited colo-  
nists, and their approving smiles, and  
heart-felt thanks, rendered our forefathers  
doubly strong in their determination to  
throw off the galling yoke of British ty-  
ranny.

In all ages of the world, the influence of  
women over a people engaged in any great  
and important undertaking has been felt  
and acknowledged; more especially in  
cases of the invasion of a country by a  
foreign power, has it made itself apparent.  
The invaders knew this, and against them  
directed their strongest efforts.

The fact is a notorious one, that the  
American females were brutally treated,  
wantonly insulted, and, in many instances,  
cruelly wronged by the British soldiers,  
the subordinate officers, and often by those  
of high authority.

By a few of the commanders, 'tis true,  
they were always treated with the delicate  
consideration and gentle care which is  
ever their due, but many others, to their  
everlasting shame, be it remembered, acted  
as though literally devoid of all the ennob-  
ling sentiments of the human heart, and  
totally lost to all feelings, except the grati-  
fication of their own base passions and  
vindictive malice.

Kate Solma was young, the breezes of  
but seventeen summers had kissed her  
cheeks; still she was, in heart and mind, a  
woman. She was not what the world  
terms beautiful—her countenance was not  
one that at first sight would impress the  
beholder with a profound admiration, or  
attract much more than a passing glance.  
The uncommon regularity of her features,  
gave her somewhat of a plain, unattractive  
appearance, but the expression of firm re-  
solve blended with affectionate tenderness,  
that sat upon her expansive brow, ren-  
dered her features, even when in repose,  
highly interesting.

Of education she could boast but little;  
but being possessed of good natural abili-  
ties, and habitually observant and reflect-  
ing, she had acquired a store of useful  
knowledge, and was intelligent far beyond  
what her years and advantages would seem  
to promise. The teeming volume of Na-  
ture was her class book, her wondrous  
works her constant study; and with a soul  
sensitively alive to all the sublimity and  
beauty of Nature's teaching, what wonder  
that her progress was rapid and certain.

It is not in bustling towns or crowded  
cities that the mental faculties are strongest  
or earliest developed, or the emotions of  
the heart deepest or most ardent. It does  
not require the crowded ball room, the  
fascinating quadrille, the voluptuous waltz,  
the fashionable promenade, the unceasing  
round of gaiety, the flattery and adulation,  
or hypocritical sycophancy of a conven-  
tional life, to call into active existence finer  
sentiments of the human heart. Far from  
it. The God of Nature has implanted in  
each individual breast an irresistible im-  
pulse—a "strong necessity" of loving; and  
the unsophisticated, unlettered maiden of  
the forest, nurtured among the wild hills,  
in the humblest cottage, is as much the  
object of his care and protection as the  
susceptible sighing beauty in palace halls.

And Kate had learned to love! Not  
with the cool, calculating, selfish affection  
of the worldling, or the fickle, transient  
flame of the impulsive, but with her whole  
heart—her whole nature—her whole soul.  
Her love was all devotion, pure, unselfish  
and holy; every kindly feeling of her na-  
ture was engaged—all her sympathies en-  
listed.

Robert Welling, a young lieutenant in  
the Jersey line, was the object of all this  
affection; nor was it lost upon him. He  
was a young man of education and deep  
feelings, and appreciating her affection,  
returned it with all the warmth, all the  
sincerity and truth of which his ardent  
nature was capable. He was the com-  
mandant of a company of scouts, and being  
engaged in a service of great impor-  
tance, was constantly perilling his life.

On the 24th of June, 1777, after the  
retreat of the British army from Bruns-  
wick to Amboy, Gen. Washington tempo-  
rarily removed his camp from Middle-  
brook to Quibbletown. Light parties of  
dragoons were thrown out, to hover round  
the enemy's lines, and the scouts were di-  
rected to use every means in their power  
to ascertain the direction of the future  
movements of the enemy. Welling's com-  
pany was actively employed in small par-  
ties, some in British uniform, in the British  
camp, some disguised as farmers and huck-  
sters, vending provisions; others moving

to and fro, ready to convey to the Re-  
publican camp any intelligence their com-  
panions were enabled to obtain.

Among the party was a slightly built  
youth who had joined them upon the break-  
ing up of the camp at Middlebrook, and, in-  
sisting upon becoming one of their number,  
had attached himself closely to the person  
of their leader. Spite of all his efforts he  
could not overcome the determination of  
the youth; and, after explaining the nature  
and difficulty of the service, and giving  
him the necessary instructions, they proceed-  
ed to their dangerous task.

The Captain of the scouts was a gallant  
and daring fellow, and had ventured close  
to one of the British outposts, and leaving  
his horse had reached the barn of Mr. Hi-  
ram Hughes, near Railway, and entering  
with his companion had secreted himself  
in the straw, and was quietly awaiting the  
movements of his foes. They had scarce-  
ly time to ensconce themselves in the "lin-  
tern" when several soldiers entered the  
stable and commenced saddling their horses,  
and at the same time discussing the prop-  
riety of an attack which they were about  
to make on a company of militia, stationed  
about four miles distant. As soon as they  
were gone, Welling and his comrade hur-  
ried forth to convey the intelligence of the  
intended attack, and by anticipating the  
arrival of the British, to ensure them a  
warm reception.

They had gone but a short distance  
when the clatter of horses' hoofs was heard  
directly behind them, and though his younger  
companion urged the necessity of the  
flight, Welling, who knew their jaded ani-  
mals were no match for the fresh horses of  
his pursuers, deemed it prudent to turn  
aside, into the wood, and allow them to  
pass by. They had barely time to attain  
the shelter of a neighboring copse, when a  
party of dragoons numbering about twelve,  
passed in hot pursuit of the scouts, who had  
been noticed to leave the barn, and take the  
direction in which they were now riding.  
As they reached the spot where the fugi-  
tives had turned off, they divided into par-  
ties, and commenced the search of the sur-  
rounding wood.

Welling reflected for a few moments  
upon the course he would pursue, then beck-  
oning his comrade to follow, he dismounted  
and retraced his steps towards the barn.—  
They reached it in safety, and, as they  
thought, undiscovered; but a dragoon had  
remained on guard, and seeing them enter,  
sounded a recall, which brought the whole  
party instantly back. The soldiers rushed  
in, and carefully securing the entrance,  
commanded the scouts to surrender.

But Welling, who knew he could expect  
no mercy from the hands of the soldiers,  
bade his companion prepare for the worst,  
and stood like a lion at bay, bidding them  
defiance. The boy, far from exhibiting  
any symptoms of fear, appeared entirely  
to forget his own danger, and to disregard  
his own personal safety, in his anxiety for  
that of his elder comrade.

The officer, nettled at the cool obstinacy  
of the scouts, ordered his men to fire upon  
them. At the first mention of the word  
"fire," the boy threw himself before his com-  
rade, and received the contents of the mus-  
ket levelled at him.

The youth fell, faintly ejaculating the  
name of "Robert!" The sound of the loved  
voice, no longer disguised, told him at once  
that it was his own Kate.

"Friends!" he exclaimed, "YOU HAVE SLAIN  
A WOMAN!"

The soldiers fell back, thunder-stricken,  
and poor Kate, breathing forgiveness to her  
murderers, and a prayer for her lover,  
yielded her spirit to the God that gave it.

"Cowards!" he cried, "you have robbed me  
of all I held dear on earth; you have taken  
from me the only being for whom I would  
wish to live; my life is no longer of any  
worth to me—villains, do your worst! but  
stop—before you murder me, this to the  
cowardly assassin!"

The soldier who had fired the deadly  
shot, lay prostrate on the floor, and the  
next instant Robert Welling fell pierced by  
a dozen balls! Not content, the blood thirsty  
ruffians plunged their bayonets into his  
prostrate body, and spurned it with their  
feet.

A cry from one of their number ar-  
rested the horrible butchery, and made them  
sensible of their own dangerous situation.  
The straw at one side of the barn had  
taken fire from the wad of Welling's pistol,  
and whilst they were engaged in their  
blood-thirsty work, had gained fearful head-  
way. The soldiers rushed at once to the  
doors but in addition to their own fastenings,  
a true-hearted negro servant in the Hughes'  
family (who, with his household, had been  
compelled to remove to make room for the  
soldiers) had securely bolted and barri-  
caded them without, and deprived them of  
any hope of escape.

The flames increased rapidly, and in a  
few moments the whole building was envel-  
oped in a sheet of living fire.

Not one of the dragoons escaped un-  
suffocated by the smoke; they fell victims  
to the fury of the flames, and perished in  
the funeral pyre of Robert Welling and  
the FEMALE SCOUT.

Professor Risley, who is now in Italy,  
says that recently, when he was in Venice